

Falling While Flying

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Summary: In which Beca finds the second best thing ever happen to her at 39,000 feet in the air. Single Parent AU featuring FlightAttendant!Chloe

1. Part One

Alright, this wouldn't get out of my head, so I **figured I'd just put it out there. This is the first of a three part story, so please bear with me.**

* * *

><p>"Attention. This is the final boarding call for Flight 2106 to Atlanta. The doors will be closing in five minutes."<p>

Despite her admittedly small frame, Beca Mitchell detests any kind of exercise. Particularly running. In high school, she'd seriously regarded anyone who'd participated in the cross-country team to be a certified lunatic. In the years since then, her convictions have only strengthened. Apparently she's one those lucky people who's been graced with an abnormally fast metabolism, and she's thankful for it.

But it is extremely important that she make this flight, so she'll have to break her vow never to run unless she's running for her life.

So, with her carry on bag rolling behind her, she begins bounding down the terminal, trying her best not to run into anyone. Her bag threatens to escape her grasp with every stride, and she curses the fact that her gate was at the very end of the long hall.

She arrives at Gate 19 a red-faced mess of sweat and labored breaths. Okay, so maybe she should actually start working out. This was just

plain embarrassing.

She shoves her crumpled boarding pass at the flight attendant standing at the gate, who then scans it and tells her that she'd had close call. She fights back the "No shit," that threatens to spill from her lips, opting instead for a roll of her eyes.

Once she's safely checked in, she takes her time making her way down the gangway and onto the plane, trying to regain a normal breathing pattern and ease the burning in her leg muscles.

Inside the plane, she spots her row and audibly groans when she sees that her seat is in between two very heavyset men. At that moment, she seriously laments the drinks that she'd expected to get at the airport bar before she encountered the disastrously long line at security.

And naturally, when she opens the overhead bin above her row, it's completely filled. She checks the bins nearby and finds them in the same state.

Brows furrowed, she turns back to the original overhead bin and starts attempting to re-arrange the bags inside so as to make some space for her own, before she's interrupted by a cloyingly sweet voice to her right.

"Excuse me, ma'am. I'm afraid there's no space for your bag in the overhead bins." She looks over her shoulder to see a blonde flight attendant giving her an obviously strained smile, eyeing her ear piercings with distaste.

"I can make it fit," Beca grumbles.

"Ma'am, this is a full flight, and seeing as you were the last one to board, I can assure you there is no room," the blonde insists, her voice less sickeningly sweet this time.

Beca makes one last failed attempt before another she hears another voice coming from her left.

"Everything okay, Bree?" the voice says. Beca turns her head over her other shoulder to see a beaming redhead flight attendant addressing the blonde. Her body decides of its own accord to drop her hands and face the redhead, whose nametag reads "Chloe."

"Yes, I was just telling this passenger there is no more space in the overhead bins for her bag," the blonde replies.

"Oh! Yes, unfortunately the bins are all full by now," Chloe says, this time speaking to Beca. "But, we can check your bag free of charge and have it waiting for you at baggage claim when we land," she finishes, once again flashing her a wide smile that causes her eyes to crinkle at the edges.

"Okay," Beca resigns, surprising herself with her willingness to acquiesce so easily.

She holds back a groan as she tries to squeeze into her seat, crossing the lap of the man sitting in the aisle seat who didn't even have the courtesy to get up from his seat to let her in.

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As they begin their taxi out of the gate, Chloe the Flight Attendant stands in the aisle giving the safety demonstrations.

For the first time since she was a child, Beca finds herself paying rapt attention to the descriptions of the various safety features onboard.

When the plane picks up speed and its wheels lift off the ground, Beca applauds herself for preemptively loading her iPhone with an extensive library of music. She turns the sound pouring from her headphones up so high that it drowns out the roaring of the jet engines. Her fists furiously clench into tight balls, and her eyes screw shut.

It's almost a full minute before the airplane levels out and the turbulence of takeoff smooths out. Beca releases the breath she'd been holding in a whoosh of relief.

Her fists unfurl and she peeks out of one eye to see that, no, she didn't die.

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Before long, the captain announces that they've reached cruising altitude, and that personal electronic devices can now be used.

She wishes she'd had the foresight to take her laptop out of her carry-on before that damned blonde had carted it off, but she hadn't. And so she is left with naught but her phone to keep her entertained for the four hours that it will take to reach Atlanta.

For the next half hour or so, her focus remains on the music in her ears, her head bobbing along with the beat. She searches for songs that she can combine into some new mash-ups when she once again has access to her laptop.

She's interrupted by a tap on the shoulder, and turns her head both ways with a scowl to see which of the oversized men with their overwhelming grandpa cologne wants her attention. She finds both of them out cold with their heads tilted back. When her eyes land on Chloe the Flight Attendant standing in the aisle with her hands on the beverage cart, she removes her headphones. Unfortunately, her ears are accosted with obnoxious snoring coming from both of her seatmates, causing her to scowl once again.

She hears a giggle from the aisle and she looks at the redhead, who's grinning at her unabashedly with her eyebrow quirked.

"Sorry to disrupt you, you looked like you were in the zone, there," Chloe starts, "would you like anything to drink?"

"Uh...Ginger Ale, please," she responds with a nod.

"You got it," the redhead answers. In a few moments, she hands Beca a plastic cup filled to the brim with Canada Dry, and their fingers brush during the exchange.

She feels a warmth in her hand long after Chloe has moved on to attending the passengers in the rows behind her.

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By the time Beca realizes the captain is making his final announcements and removes her headphones, the only sentence she catches is his generic "Thank you for flying with us; we hope to see you again" sign off.

Before she places her headphones back on her ears, Chloe is in the aisle holding a trash bag, collecting garbage. She reaches Beca, who stretches across her still-sleeping seatmate and tosses her empty cup into the bag.

"In case you missed it, you'll be baggage claim 2," Chloe chirps.

"Oh, uh, thanks," Beca replies.

Chloe doesn't respond, but only shoots her a wink.

When Chloe moves to the next row, Beca touches her cheeks and feels a noticeable warmth, and inwardly curses her genetics for allowing her skin to blush so easily.

* * *

><p>It's about a month after her initial trip to Atlanta that Beca finds herself on a flight to Georgia once again.</p>

She boards the plane, passing the sour faced flight attendant, Audrey, or whatever. Beca smirks at her and self-fives herself in her mind when she sees the blonde's nose wrinkle indignantly.

She's on the aisle this trip, thankfully. Not only that, but she's made it in time to be able to store her carry on above her.

Unfortunately, the man next to her seems like a total slime ball, with his greasy hair slicked back and his two polos with both of their collar's popped as if he'd walked straight out of 2004.

When she takes her seat, he looks at her and gives her an up-nod and purses his lips in a manner she assumes he thinks is attractive.

She does nothing more than slip her oversized earphones over her head and ignore his existence entirely.

When the plane rolls towards the runway, it's time for the safety demonstration, and Beca is surprised to see Chloe the Flight Attendant standing in the aisle once again.

Their eyes meet and Chloe gives Beca a smile and a small wave before giving her presentation.

Chloe's acknowledgement catches her off-guard.

Really though, how many passengers does the redhead encounter on any given day, and here she is recognizing Beca.

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Chloe reaches her row with the beverage cart, with the blonde flight attendant on the other end, attending to the opposite side of the plane.

Beca had, fortunately, made it to the airport in time to have a drink in the terminal before boarding, and doesn't particularly want to have any more liquid, lest she have to actually use the plane's bathroom. Gross.

So when Chloe looks at her to ask if she'd like anything, Beca just shakes her head politely and returns to the oasis of her headphones.

Not thirty seconds later, her zen is broken when the slime ball's voice raises to the point that it filters in through the music. She opens her eyes and sees the beverage cart still parked next to their row. Chloe is looking at him, visibly uncomfortable, but clearly trying her best to keep a professional smile on her face.

Her interest is piqued, and she removes the headphones so she can actually hear what her neighbor is saying.

"...paid good money for this ticket, and you're telling me I don't even get any damned peanuts? I know you probably got some in the back," he says abrasively.

"I'm sorry, sir. It's just company policy these days. If it were up to me, you'd still get peanuts," she answers, attempting to placate him.

He tries another route. "Come on, sweet cheeks, can you just at least go check? I'll give you real nice tip," he finishes suggestively.

Okay, that's enough of that.

"If she says there are no peanuts, I'm pretty sure there are no peanuts, man. Why don't you let this woman do her job without berating her for something she has no control over. We'll land in a few hours and you can go off and find the nuts you've made very clear you don't have," Beca says in a voice that should carry enough to reach at least four rows in front and behind them.

Sure enough, that shuts him up. He just scoffs and returns to his iPad. She sees Chloe holding back a snicker as she moves her cart on to the next row, and is surprised to see the blonde give her a thumbs up as she passes.

Beca feels an acute sense of satisfaction at her ability to dethrone one more of the world's fuckboys.

* * *

><p>In another month and a half, Beca is yet again boarding a flight to Atlanta.<p>

This time, she thanks the travel gods when sees that, not only is her

flight nearly empty, when she makes her way to her seat in the very back row of the plane, she has the entire row to herself. She takes a mental note of the day of the week and the time (a Tuesday; 7:30 PM) for future reference.

She stows her carry-on in the overhead bin, but not before removing her laptop and placing it in one of the seatback pockets.

She spots Chloe the Flight Attendant in the back of the plane doing...flight attendant things. On this occasion, Beca can't help but notice that Chloe is one of the few people she's ever seen pull off a flight attendant uniform well. Very well, in fact. The scarf around her neck emphasizes its elegance, her blazer tapers at the waist perfectly, and the pencil skirt shows off the curves of her hips. Not to mention that the navy color only serves to complement Chloe's red curls. Overall, Beca concludes that this redhead is red hot.

Okay, Beca. That was terrible. Work on your wordplay.

Chloe must feel Beca's eyes on her because she lifts her head and sees Beca, who can feel her cheeks threatening to redden at being caught looking.

"Hey you," Chloe greets her enthusiastically. "Nice to see you again."

"You too," Beca replies lamely, giving her a singular wave of her hand before sliding all the way over to the window seat.

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About halfway through the flight, Beca has taken a break from working on her latest track and is staring through the window into the inky blackness of the night sky.

She jumps, startled, when a tiny bottle of Jack Daniels is placed on her tray table next to her laptop, and a body plops into the aisle seat.

She turns to see none other than Chloe sitting there, a beaming smile on her face.

I didn't ask for any Jack Daniels, she thinks. "I didn't..." she starts, confused.

Chloe shakes her head, still smiling, "It's a thank you!"

"For?" Beca asks, still confused.

"For standing up for me on your last flight," Chloe says, as if it was only too obvious.

Oh, the slime ball. Right.

"Oh," she says, definitely aware of the blush rapidly forming on her face. "He was being a dick." You don't deserve that. No one deserves that."

"Well, I still appreciate it. But honestly, that's nothing compared

with what we have to deal with sometimes," Chloe chuckles.

Before Beca can question her, the plane hits a rough patch and shakes back and forth. Her eyes slam shut of their own accord.

"Are you okay?" she hears the redhead ask, concern laced in her voice.

When Beca opens her eyes, she sees Chloe observing the white-knuckle grip that she didn't even realize she'd taken on the armrests on either side of her.

Damn those hands for betraying her so.

"Yeah. I, uh, I'm just not...a huge fan...of flying," she admits, sheepishly.

"Oh," Chloe responds, in a tone that sounds as if she was just presented with some adorable puppy, and smiling at Beca as if Beca herself was said puppy.

Beca feels her flush deepen, but this time she knows there's nothing to do about it, so she just lets it happen.

"Well, good thing I know how to take your mind off it," the redhead continues, looking downright mischievous, as she shifts into the middle seat, her shoulders touching Beca's own.

For the next 30 minutes, Chloe enthusiastically regales Beca with flight attendant horror stories, the highlights of which include the following:

1. Numerous occasions of catching couples trying to earn their Mile High Club memberships. Obviously.
2. The fun fact that Diet Coke is the most annoying drink to pour, as the fizz takes three times as long to settle as compared to any other soft drink.
3. She once worked with law enforcement to apprehend a human trafficker, when she observed that he was carrying a baby with the umbilical cord still attached, and only having had a couple diapers and one bottle of formula tucked in his pant's pockets for the entire flight.
4. People attempt to sneak dead bodies on planes more often than anyone would care to guess, because it apparently costs a hell of a lot of money to transport a corpse. (That one hadn't happened to Chloe, just someone she knew. Still disturbing.)

Beca finds herself feeling disappointed when the redhead has to get up and actually do her job, but not before asking Beca for her name.

"Beca Mitchell," Chloe says, as if testing the feel of the name in her mouth. Beca thinks she likes how it sounds when Chloe says her name.

When she deplanes, she decides she will be taking this particular flight on each following trip to Atlanta.

If there may be a redheaded flight attendant named Chloe on it, well, that would just be a happy accident.

* * *

><p>If Beca finds ever-increasing reasons to fly to Atlanta (she does), well, that too is just a coincidence.</p>

On the flights when Beca has a row to herself, Chloe never fails to drop herself into the middle seat next to her, not even bothering to start with the aisle seat.

On those flights, Beca doesn't even bother taking her laptop out of her carry-on.

They talk about the most random things, and Chloe is enthusiastic about all of them. It amuses Beca to no end that the redhead can get excited about any arbitrary subject. It would appear that Chloe's fervor is infectious, as Beca finds herself waving her hands about and giggling when they debate whether a caterpillar knows what it's doing when it creates a cocoon. (Chloe says yes, that even a caterpillar can harbor a desire for self-improvement. Beca believes it's just a natural instinct.)

They don't quite breach any personal topics, but Beca doesn't mind. In fact, she's appreciates it more than Chloe can possibly know. She has a sneaking suspicion that Chloe is the type of person who likes to dive into friendships head on, to take a wrecking ball to the walls she can see surrounding someone. But with Beca, the redhead seems to be dismantling those walls slowly, one brick at a time, so that Beca won't be startled into calling in a figurative construction crew for quick reinforcements.

But Beca does notice it. And she surprises herself when she feels no desire to contact the construction crew.

* * *

><p>It's almost nine months after their initial meeting that Beca dawdles behind the rest of the passengers as they collect their belongings to deplane.</p>

She feigns sleep until she peeks out of one eye and sees only a few other people exiting the plane. Chloe is in the aisle near the middle of the plane collecting garbage and checking for any items the passengers may have forgotten.

Beca stands and removes her carry on from overhead, and slowly makes her way towards the redhead.

"Um, hey, Chlo?" Beca says, awkwardly.

"Yeah, Becs?" Chloe answers, still doubled over in a row of seats, checking underneath them.

Beca wills herself to keep her eyes off Chloe's ass, which, thanks to her position and the snug pencil skirt, is a very tempting

view.

"This was my last trip to Atlanta for, well, the foreseeable future. It's just...it's been really nice getting to know you," Beca says, cringing when her voice cracks at the end.

Chloe snaps up at those words, dismay clear on her face. "Oh. That's...thats," Chloe starts but never finishes. It seems as if it's the redhead's turn to be unable to find the right words. "Well, we should exchange phone numbers or something. It'd be a shame to lose touch," she continues, attempting to add some positivity to her tone. But Beca can see right through it.

"Yeah, yeah that's a good idea," Beca responds.

Chloe scampers to the back of the plane to grab her cell phone, and when she returns, they exchange devices and promise not to be strangers.

"Okay then. Well, uh, bye, Chloe," she says, extending a hand to the redhead, but Chloe is having none of it.

She bypasses the hand completely and launches herself at Beca, her arms wrapping tightly around Beca's neck. While Beca stiffens at first, out of sheer surprise, she slackens in the redhead's embrace, and winds her own arms around Chloe's waist. Her head rests in the crook of the redhead's neck, and she inhales the scent of Chloe for what she hopes is not the last time.

Chloe finally releases her and takes a step back, her hands coming to rest on Beca's shoulders. "Bye, Beca," she says wistfully, removing her hands.

There's an air of finality to it all, and Beca detests it.

As she trudges down the aisle to the front of the plane, she hears Chloe shout her name from behind her.

"Yeah?" she answers, turning around to see Chloe shifting back and forth anxiously.

Chloe approaches her and appears to be deciding whether or not she wants to say what's on her mind.

"What is it, Chloe," Beca says encouragingly.

"Where do you normally stay when you come to Atlanta?" the redhead rushes out.

"In a hotel?" Beca answers confusedly, her brows furrowing as she tries to figure out where this is going.

"Well, it's just that Atlanta is my last stop, and my family has some property in Atlanta, and you're welcome to stay there. With me. To save on the cost of the hotel," Chloe proposes, biting her lip.

When Beca's eyebrows shoot into her hairline, Chloe continues.

"There's free food, and a shower with better water pressure than a

hotel's," she adds, as if Beca needed anymore convincing.

Beca nods, all too fervently. "Yeah, that makes sense. I'd like that. Thanks, Chloe," she answers, neglecting to inform the redhead that her company reimburses her for hotel costs when she travels on business.

The tension in Chloe's shoulders visibly disappears and her brilliant smile is blinding Beca, as it always does. "Great!" she says, excitedly. "I just have some things to take care of, and then I'll meet you by, say, baggage claim 2? Then we can head off."

"Alright. See you in a bit!" Beca says cheerfully, leaving the plane with much more pep in her step.

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Beca sits near the baggage claim, fiddling with her phone while she waits for Chloe to find her.

She tries to distract herself from the nerves she feels about her impending sleepover at Chloe's place. Not that she expects anything crazy to happen. At the same time, she wouldn't be particularly opposed to anything crazy happening. But she doesn't want to give Chloe the impression that she's that kind of girl; the kind that puts out on the first date. Is this a date? It sounds a bit date-like, particularly with the way that Chloe had looked nervous as well when she posed the idea to Beca. But then again, those nerves could just have been from asking a person she's never seen outside of an airplane to spend the night in her own home.

And on top of all that, they'd never broached the topic of their sexualities. Beca's pretty certain she gives off a fairly strong vibe that she's a lady who loves other ladies, but Chloe is a wild card. Sure, she's affectionate and she looks at Beca with those crazy-blue eyes like she's the only person in the world. But that could just be Chloe.

Lock it up, Mitchell. You're getting ahead of yourself. She's just a friend who offered you a place to stay for the night. Until you get any signals that suggest otherwise, that's all it is.

She takes in a deep breath; in for 4, holds it for 4, and exhales for 6. Feeling significantly more calm, she returns to her phone.

Before long, Chloe approaches her with her own carry-on rolling along behind her.

"Hey you," she chirps.

Beca stands with a grin of her own, "Hey there. Lead the way, madam!"

"Onwards!" Chloe giggles, extending her arm for Beca to take. Beca links her arm with Chloe's, and they make their way towards the employee parking lot.

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In a little over a half an hour, they pull into a long drive way

leading to a house that resembles those Beca's seen driving through the Hollywood Hills.

"Oh, damn. When you said you had property, you meant property..." Beca says, letting out a long, low whistle.

"Yeah, this house has been in the Beale family for generations. These days, it's used as a summer home, mostly. But we keep it stocked for when I have to spend the night in Atlanta. It's nice to sleep somewhere familiar instead of another hotel room, ya know?" Chloe explains.

Considering Chloe's occupation as a flight attendant, Beca wouldn't have guessed that Chloe came from money. But maybe she should have, considering the brand new Audi they're currently sitting in. Really, she's thinking that this is a prime learning example of the fact that she shouldn't assume things about a person without knowing their whole story.

And now she's very curious to learn Chloe's story, not to say that she wasn't already before.

Chloe parks in front of the sizable home, and pops the trunk. They remove their carry-ons and the redhead leads them to the front door. Beca can't help but chuckle at the "Georgia-ness" of it all. There's a wrap-around porch, complete with a porch swing and rocking chair, and vast windows with plantation-style shutters.

Beca thinks that the southern belle aesthetic would suit Chloe quite nicely.

When they reach the inside, Beca feels as if she's stepped into the late 19th century, though she can see a smattering of luxurious modern accouterments.

"Nice place," Beca says, releasing another low whistle while Chloe presses some buttons on the alarm system just inside the front door.

Chloe just chuckles and grabs Beca's hand, "Come on, I'll give you a tour."

They leave the parlor to see the living room, a sitting room, the formal dining room, and the kitchen. Beca holds in her envy when she sees that a second set of stairs lead from the kitchen to the upper floor of the home. She's always wanted a house with two staircases. Upstairs, Chloe leads them down a hall featuring a number of bedrooms and a guest bathroom.

Since a long day of travelling can make a person feel pretty gross, they both decide to take a shower to rid themselves of that stale airplane smell. Chloe takes hers in the bathroom attached to her bedroom, while Beca showers in the guest bathroom. Beca tries and fails to avoid thinking about the fact that Chloe is naked, in the shower, just feet down the hall. The mental images are enough to make her adjust the steaming water to downright frigid.

Beca changes into the t-shirt and gym shorts she'd grabbed from her bag, and ambles down the main staircase to the living room to wait for Chloe. Though it would appear that Chloe, clad in a full on blue

and white striped pajama set, has beat her there. Beca stops on the landing, just content to watch Chloe for a few seconds. She's already set a bottle of wine and a couple glasses, along with some snacks, on the coffee table in front of the couch, and is kneeling in front of the mantel, lighting a fire in the fireplace.

It's not that cold, and Beca isn't sure the fire is particularly necessary, but she appreciates the ambiance.

Before Chloe catches her looking at her like a creep, Beca descends the rest of the stairs.

"Quite the hostess," Beca remarks as she plops herself on the couch.

Chloe jumps a little, but turns to Beca, smiling that smile that makes her insides go all gooey.

"I aim to please," she says. With the flames growing into an outright roar, Chloe stands and joins Beca on the couch, sitting cross-legged and facing Beca. "I know it's kind of late," she says, gesturing towards the grandfather clock across the room which reads 11:15 PM, "but I figure we should make this a proper sleepover."

"Sounds good to me," Beca replies. And it really does sound good. She knows Chloe is just doing her a favor this evening by letting her stay here, but she doesn't want to let a single second of it go to waste.

"I already know you don't like movies, so would you wanna watch some TV?" Chloe questions, grabbing the remote and turning on the large flat screen mounted above the fireplace. Beca nods, and Chloe continues, "Cool. I'll find something while you open the wine."

"Yes ma'am," she says, mock saluting the redhead, who giggles and melts Beca's insides even further.

Beca pours them each an ample amount of wine, and settles back into her side of the couch, her weight leaning on the armrest letting her feet rest near the middle.

Chloe mirrors her position on the opposite end, and reaches for the large afghan that drapes over the back of the couch, unfolding it, and tossing one side over for Beca to catch.

Both feeling sufficiently comfy, they settle in to watch the episode of Dexter that Chloe had chosen. They'd discussed their favorite and least favorite shows on a number of different flights, and found that they shared an interest in quite a few of them.

They sit in comfortable silence for the first half of the episode or so, only moving when they need to refill their glass or take advantage of the chips and dip that Chloe had produced.

When Beca feels Chloe's foot accidentally touch hers, both of them jump and retract their feet as if they'd been burned by the contact. Beca's brain tells her not to acknowledge it and just keep her focus on the show, but since when does her brain work around Chloe Beale?

She hazards a glance at the redhead and finds Chloe looking back at her, dare she say, shyly?

Chloe holds her gaze and Beca feels something in the air shift, a tension that, while it might have been hanging around in the background since their first meeting, thickens and now stands front and center. She knows Chloe feels it too, as she sees the redhead's freckled cheeks tinge with pink. Beca hopes that Chloe will attribute the redness in her own to the wine, but she knows that Chloe knows better.

And she's alright with it.

Over the remainder of the episode, it would seem that both of them unconsciously (or consciously, who can say?) let their feet drift until they rest against each other. When neither moves away when they make contact, Beca knows it's at least semi-conscious.

They're on their second episode of Dexter and their second bottle of wine when Chloe breaks the silence.

"You know, you fly an awful lot for someone who's scared of it," she remarks nonchalantly.

Beca turns to the redhead and sees that her focus is still on the television in front of them.

"Yeah, not exactly by choice though. I had to travel for business," she replies, and Chloe just nods.

"I work for a record label in Los Angeles, and I was in charge of overseeing the opening of their new branch in Atlanta," she expands, using this as an opportunity to start sharing more personal things about herself with Chloe.

At that, Chloe faces Beca with a wide smile on her face. "No way!" she squeals. "That's so awesome!"

Beca blushes and goes on to explain to Chloe how she got the job there as a coffee bitch the year she graduated college, and the years that she's spent ascending the ranks to become a more valued, senior employee. Chloe, for her part, listens with rapt attention and by the end of the second episode, they're facing each other on the couch with their knees touching, sipping on their wine, and talking music. The conversation turns to Chloe and Beca learns that the redhead earned her teaching credentials in college, and that she became a flight attendant because she wanted to travel the world and have adventures while she was still young.

"But, my dream has always been to be a teacher. I figured that once I have a wife and a family, I won't want to spend half of my time away from home, so I'll settle down and pursue the teaching thing then," Chloe finishes.

Beca nearly chokes on her wine when Chloe says "wife," and her heart skips a beat before resuming at a rapid pace. She pictures Chloe as a mother, as a part of a family. As a part of her family. And ease with which she pictures Chloe as a part of her life, a co-parent and a spouse, scares Beca just a little bit. What scares her more, though it excites her just as much, is the fact that she can feel the way

her heart belongs to the redhead just a little bit more with each minute that passes.

There's something that she needs to share with Chloe; something very important, and this seems like the perfect segue into that conversation. But before she can gather the courage that she's been trying to build since the redhead first sat next to her on that plane, the moment has passed, and Chloe is jumping from the couch.

"I have a great idea!" she exclaims, looking down at Beca, and thankfully ignorant to the unrest roiling in her stomach.

She bounds off to the kitchen and returns a few minutes later with a couple bowls filled with marshmallows, chocolate bars, and graham crackers, and two metal skewers.

"I like where your head's at, Beale," Beca says, grinning when she realizes what Chloe has in mind.

Chloe sets the bowls on the coffee table and urges Beca off the couch.

"Grab those throw pillows," Chloe directs, as she gathers the afghan off the couch and another one that's draped on the armchair to her left.

After the redhead spreads the blankets in front of the fireplace, Beca places the pillows down and retrieves the bowls from the coffee table.

As they roast their marshmallows over the fire, Chloe tells Beca about all the places she's seen and the people she's met on her travels around the world. Honestly, she can't believe this is how her night ended up going. She'd expected to spend the night alone in that starkly impersonal hotel room, but here she is, with her second favorite person in the world. She only wishes that the first could be there with them.

But then, Chloe demonstrates the "best" method of roasting a marshmallow, and Beca is horrified when Chloe just allows the whole thing to engulf in flames until it's a bubbling, charred thing. Her jaw drops when the redhead withdraws the skewer and peels off the burnt layer, and pops it in her mouth, leaving a blob of gooey marshmallow still hanging at the end of the skewer.

"What the fuck was that?!" Beca squawks, her eyebrows surely higher than they've ever been.

Chloe laughs, "This way you get to eat the same marshmallow twice!"

Beca shakes her head in disbelief. "That's just heresy. And that can't possibly be good for you! Carcinogens, and all that."

Chloe removes the second part of the marshmallow from where she'd been holding it above the flames, and eats it.

"Life is short; I'll eat 'em how I want to eat 'em," she says, her words muffled through a mouth full of gooey sugar.

Beca notices a rogue streak of marshmallow hanging from the corner of Chloe's mouth and her hand reaches to remove it without any agreement from her brain. Chloe's chewing slows to a stop, and her eyes widen.

"You've got something...just there," Beca whispers. Her hand cups Chloe's jaw while her thumb stretches to wipe away the offending marshmallow. Her thumb doesn't stop tracing her lip even after she's wiped away the mess.

She hears Chloe swallow audibly, and the sound triggers a throbbing in between her legs.

Her eyes meet Chloe's, and she sees that the dazzling blue has reduced to a thin ring around dilated pupils.

"Did you get it," Chloe asks, her voice husky.

"I think I'd better double check," she responds, her voice equally as gravelly. Beca brings her other hand up so that they rest on each side of Chloe's face.

She leans in slowly, eyes searching the redhead's for any sign of hesitation, and when she finds none, she places a soft kiss on Chloe's lips. They stay there for a moment, Chloe releasing a loud exhale through her nose, before she moves her lips over Beca's own.

It's slow; a leisurely dance they both appear to already know the steps to. Neither feels the need to rush, simply content to get to know the feeling of the other's lips on theirs. The kisses are chaste, but the innocence of it all somehow makes the intimacy skyrocket.

The throbbing in her center has intensified tenfold, and when she finally feels Chloe's tongue brush her bottom lip, she can't hold in her small moan. She's sure her underwear are nearly ruined.

Her noises must have done something to the redhead, because her tongue enters Beca's mouth with renewed urgency. Their tongues brush languidly, over and over, until Beca can't sit straight anymore. She winds an arm around Chloe's back, the other tangling in red hair. With their mouths still connected, Beca gently lowers Chloe backwards, until that red hair is splayed across the pillows and Beca hovers over her.

Her heart skips a beat when Chloe smiles at her from beneath her. She returns the smile gladly, lowering herself until she's resting on her forearms, and presses another lingering kiss to Chloe's lips. She continues as slowly as it's begun, trailing her lips reverently over Chloe's cheeks, her forehead, and her nose before making a painstakingly slow journey to her neck and ears. Despite the increasing heaviness of Chloe's breathing, she takes her time, so as to give every part of this magnificent redhead the attention it deserves.

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The sun starts to peak through the window and the fire has burned to

embers by the time they both fall asleep, bare, with their limbs entwined, having left no inch of the other unexplored.

/

It's 10:00 in the morning when one of Chloe's red curls tickles her nose that Beca awakens. She feels Chloe draped over her side, one of her legs between Beca's, and an arm laying across her waist. When she takes in the redhead's nude form, she can't help but want to pinch herself and make sure she's not in some wonderful dream.

It's 7:00 AM in Los Angeles, and there's a phone call she needs to make, so she slips as slowly and carefully as she can from beneath Chloe, and quickly dresses herself in her clothes that lay nearby.

Grabbing her cell phone from the coffee table, she pads silently to the kitchen and dials the appropriate number.

"Hey, Becs!" her father greets her when he picks up.

"Hi, dad," she says, "I made it to Atlanta in one piece. We have the party for the grand opening tonight, and then I'll be back tomorrow. How's my little man?"

"Perfect, as always," Ethan replies. "I just woke him up and he's here eating breakfast. Do you want to talk to him?"

"Of course, put him on," she replies.

She hears the scraping of a chair until there's a heavy breathing on the other end of the line.

"Mommy! Hi, Mommy!" his voice squeaks through the phone.

She chuckles, picturing his hair, tousled from sleep, and his favorite pair of Batman pajamas.

"Hi, Olly. I miss you, squirt! Are you being good for Pappy Mitchell?" she asks, though she knows he is. She wonders how she was blessed with such a well-mannered kid. Lord knows she wasn't when she was his age.

"Yep. We goed to the baseball game last night, and, and cuz I was extra good, Pappy got me ice cream in a Dodger's hat! It had sprinkles, even" he says excitedly.

"You 'went' to the baseball game, buddy," she corrects. "That sounds really cool! Pappy's pretty fun, huh?"

"Yeah, he's the best Pappy," he answers, and she can hear his little feet pattering around her dad's kitchen.

"Don't forget about your old mom, now, though," she jokes, and he just laughs.

"I won't forget you mommy, you're my favorite," he responds.

"That's what I like to hear," she says, not even bothering to contain the wide smile on her face. They talk for another minute or two

before she says goodbye.

"Okay, I have to go get ready for work, love," Beca tells him. "I'll be back home by tomorrow night, and have you in my arms before you go to sleep."

"Okey doke. Love you, mama," he says.

"I love you, too, Oliver. Bye," she says, blowing a kiss through the phone before she hangs up.

/

She makes her way back to the living room to find it empty. "Chloe," she calls out, figuring Chloe might have gone to use the restroom.

No answer comes, so she moves into the parlor, only to find Chloe standing there fully dressed, her arms crossed tightly over her chest, with tears welling in her eyes. She spots her bag sitting there by the door, fully zipped, looking travel-ready.

Her heart drops into her stomach when she takes in the scene before her.

"Chloe..."

She knows. Chloe heard her talking to her son in the kitchen and now she hates her. She was too cowardly to tell Chloe about the most important person in her life, and now she's paying for it.

"How could you, Beca?" she asks, the tears in her eyes finally spilling down her cheeks.

"Chloe, I...I wanted to tell you. I wanted to tell you about him," Beca pleads.

"You lied to me!" Chloe shouts, cutting her off. "I don't understand...last night...I thought, I thought that I meant something to you."

Beca's confused now. Of course she means something to her. Having a son doesn't really change that.

"Last night was perfect, Chloe. I just, I was scared to tell you. You mean so much to me, and I was scared that telling you would ruin what we have. I'm so sorry, but Chloe, I lo-"

"Don't. You. Dare," Chloe snarls, stepping towards Beca with each menacing word, her index finger extended in front of her. "Of course it ruins what we have. I can't _believe _you. I thought you were different," she growls, a fire in her eyes so different than the one Beca witnessed last night, "but no, you're just another asshole who wants to fuck the flight attendant when they have someone waiting for them at home," she finishes, poking Beca's sternum harshly.

Beca is pretty sure that Chloe's got it all wrong, and she needs to fix this. "Chloe, you don't understand...he's my-" she pleads, tears now falling down her own face.

"NO!" Chloe shouts, and Beca stumbles backwards from the ferocity of it. "I don't care who he is to you, or who you say I am to you. I don't want to hear it. God, I can't even look at you right now," she says, turning to face the door.

"I've called you a cab, and it will be here in a few minutes. I'd like for you to leave," she says, opening the front door, her eyes fixed on the floor.

"Please, Chloe, let me explain..." Beca pleads, one last time.

"Get. Out," Chloe says in a tone that makes it clear that there will not be any more discussion.

"If that's what you really want," Beca says, grudgingly grabbing her bag and moving towards the open door.

When she steps onto the porch, she looks at Chloe and sees the redhead's gaze still fixed on the floor.

"If you would just listen to me," Beca says, trying one last time to get Chloe to listen to reason.

But before she can say any more, Chloe cuts her off with a terse "Goodbye, Beca," and slams the door shut.

Beca is left standing on the porch of the Beale family summer home in her t-shirt and gym shorts, waiting on a cab to take her away from the best thing that's happened to her since her son, Oliver, entered the world.

* * *

><p>Please don't hate me for this ending. There's still a long way to go before this story ends.

Let me know what you think!

2. Part Two

A/N: Hello again! Here we are for Part Two. Thank you, to everyone who has read, followed, favorited, or commented. The response to this story has been overwhelming. Thanks for the support. So without further ado...

* * *

><p>Beca sees the yellow cab turn off the lane onto the long driveway leading to the Beale's house, and stands, wiping off the stray tears still slipping from her eyes. Before the cab pulls up, she approaches the front door, not wanting to leave without giving it one last shot to explain the situation to Chloe properly.<p>

She knocks on the door a few times, and when Chloe doesn't answer, she rings the doorbell.

"Chloe, come on, please open up," she shouts, praying the redhead will come to the door.

The driver parks his cab in front of the house, and greets Beca with a nod of his head. She gives him her best impression of a smile, though she can feel that it translates to something much closer to a grimace.

He takes it upon himself to put her carry-on in the trunk, while she's still rooted to her spot in front of the door, knocking once more for good measure.

A few minutes later, the driver rolls down the passenger window and calls out to her. "Miss, I just wanted to let you know the fare started accruing when I parked the car."

"Oh, right," she mumbles.

Grudgingly, she gets into the cab, and when they begin to pull away, she chances a glance back at the house, just in case Chloe had come to the door after all.

She's not sure if she imagined it, but she's pretty certain she saw Chloe standing, arms crossed, at one of the upstairs windows.

The driver tries to make light small talk, and Beca hopes that the redness still staining her eyes and her short, one-word answers will tip him off that she's not at all interested in conversing with him.

Eventually, he gets the hint, and they spend the rest of the drive to Downtown Atlanta in silence.

/

That night, Beca forces herself to shrug on her dress and strap on her heels, even though attending this party for her label's opening is the last thing she wants to do.

But she loves her job and she wants to keep it, so despite the turmoil she's feeling, she needs to go.

At the party, she plasters on the best fake smile she can muster, and schmoozes with label executives and the other people she's been working with for the last year or so. If they can tell that her enthusiasm isn't genuine, they don't say anything about it.

She thinks that, even if they do notice, they wouldn't care enough to ask. But she's almost glad they don't. She couldn't imagine opening up about her problems like that with any of these people.

It's ironic that the one person that she could even fathom sharing herself with like that, aside from her father, is the same one that is making her feel this way in the first place.

But she's Beca effin' Mitchell, damn it. She's struggled through her issues alone before, and she'll do it again.

/

After she's given the little speech she'd been required to give as the lead executive on this project, she heads straight to the open bar.

She consumes far too many drinks, and when she orders a Jack and Coke to finish off the night, she can feel her eyes begin to well with tears when she remembers that Chloe had given her a tiny bottle of Jack Daniels on the flight where they'd had their first real conversation.

She doesn't want her colleagues to see her in this state, and since she's already said her piece and made nice with the right people, she thinks it'd be alright if she takes off.

She leaves the Jack and Coke on the bar top, completely untouched, and slips discreetly from the premises.

/

Through the hazy fog of the alcohol in her system, her mind takes it upon itself to lead her to the place she wants to be most right now, and that's how she finds herself once again on Chloe's wrap-around porch, pounding on the door.

The lights are all off, and she can see a dim red light flashing from the alarm system inside the front door telling her the house has been secured.

She figures Chloe is long gone, probably on another flight somewhere. This was only supposed to be an overnight stay for the redhead as well.

She returns to the cab empty handed and with an emptiness in her heart, and instructs the driver her to take her back to downtown.

/

When she arrives back in her hotel room, she falls on top of the bed, still in her party clothes, and calls the redhead.

The call goes straight to voicemail, so the best she can do is leave her a message. It's not the way she wanted to let Chloe know about her son, nor is it as eloquent as she would have liked, but she manages to get through a thorough, albeit teary, explanation of the situation.

She asks Chloe to call her back when she gets the message, but there's a sinking feeling in her gut that she's not going to get a response at all.

The next day, Beca wakes up exhausted. Her head is pounding from her hangover, and with each pulse of her temples, she hears Chloe's voice. It's not the bubbly, melodic tone Beca had become so fond of. It's the venomous timbre she used when she kicked Beca out her front door and out of her life.

Get. Out. Get. Out. _

This may well be the worst hangover Beca has experienced. And thinking back on her days in college, that's saying something.

* * *

><p>Thanks to the difference in time zones, Beca estimates she can make it all the way back to Los Angeles and to her father's home just in time to tuck Olly into bed.</p>

Neither Beca nor Oliver was used to her being away from home so often, so when she's had to travel to Atlanta these past months, she and her father had done everything they could to keep his life as normal as possible, including his sleep schedule. So while she could take him back to their own house, she figures she'll just sleep there tonight as well.

When she lands at LAX, Beca finds her way to the short term parking garage to find her car. Sitting in the driver's seat, she checks her phone for any missed calls, texts, or voicemails from Chloe, and finds none. With a pained sigh, she sends the redhead a text message, once again thoroughly explaining the situation. Through text, Beca is able to come up with a more comprehensive, and significantly less tearful description of her motives in keeping Oliver a secret than she did in her drunken voicemail last night.

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Around 8:00 PM, Beca pulls into the driveway of her father's ranch-style home in Sherman Oaks and doesn't even bother to remove her bag from her car. She's already got a drawer full of clothes in the room her father had prepared for Oliver when he was born, and a toothbrush in the guest bathroom. It's a little past Olly's bedtime, so she's resigned herself to just being there to wake him in the morning.

"Oof!"

She hasn't even taken two steps into the house before there's a tiny body wrapped securely around her legs. When she registers what's happening, she ruffles his shaggy brown hair. He detaches his grip from her body, and looks up her through the lenses of his glasses.

She knows she will rue the day he starts wearing contacts, because the way the thickness of the lenses magnify his light blue eyes is downright adorable.

She bends down to his eye level and wraps him in a bear hug, squeezing him as she says, "Hi, Olly. I missed you, buddy!"

She wonders how it's possible that one hug from her son can dull the anguish that she's felt since the morning prior. She holds onto him for a moment longer, then lets go so she can hold him at arm's length and look at him properly.

"I missed you too, mommy. Do you have to go away again soon?" he asks, finishing his question with a yawn.

"Nope," Beca answers, popping the 'p', "I'm not going anywhere. But I am wondering what you're doing up past your bedtime," she finishes, shooting a pointed look at her father, who'd gotten up from his seat on the couch to give Beca a welcome back hug of his own.

He only shrugs, muttering, "You know I have a hard time saying no to

him, Becs. Have you seen his face?"

She laughs, still hugging him when she responds, "Once or twice."

When she releases her dad, Oliver tugs at the hem of her shirt and raises his arms up, flexing his tiny hands. She obliges, picking him up and settling him on her hip.

"I asked-ed Pappy if I could stay up till you got home, and he said I could," he says proudly.

She's been working on getting him to use proper grammar, but she's too damn happy to see him right now, so she lets it slide.

"I'm glad he did! Now I get to tuck you in myself," she tells him.

"He's all ready for bed, Becs. Olly even brushed his teeth without me having to tell him," Ethan says, and Oliver nods enthusiastically.

"Good job, Olly!" she exclaims, lightly bouncing him on her hip. He grins widely, before yawning a second time. "Okay, let's get you off to sleep, little man."

Beca carries him across the living room and down the hall to his bedroom, Oliver babbling on about all the things he and her father did together all the while.

She reaches his room, and lays him gently in his fleece racecar sheets. She pulls the comforter up to his shoulders, and he giggles when she tucks in the edges of it tightly underneath him like she does every night, effectively cocooning him in his bed.

Some of her own earliest memories were of her parents doing the same thing with her when she was around Oliver's age.

"Good night buddy," she whispers. She leans down to brush his hair back and place a light kiss on his forehead, and gently removes the glasses from his face.

"Night, mommy," he answers with a sleepy smile.

After grabbing some basketball shorts and a loose t shirt from her designated dresser drawer, she switches on his night-light, which casts dim images of stars and planets across his ceiling.

When she reaches the door, she turns to face him, and flicks off the overhead light, which causes the night-light to burn a little brighter.

"Sleep tight," she says with a grin.

"Don't let the bed bugs bite," he responds, finishing off their nightly ritual.

She closes the door, changes her clothes in the guest bathroom, and makes her way back to the living room to join her father on the couch, pleased to see that he has prepared them both a hot cup of

tea.

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An hour later, Beca is trying her best to keep up appearances and make small talk with her dad, but her words come out muted and fragmentary. Her lackluster conversation, and the way Beca's eyes are glued to her phone must betray her, because her father breaks yet another awkward silence and turns fully to her, asking, "Beca, what's going on?"

"Nothing," she replies, her eyes refusing to meet his. He doesn't ask anything further, a move very uncharacteristic of Ethan Mitchell, so she chances a glance his way and finds him still staring at her as if trying to read her, and clearly, thoroughly unconvinced. "You've been staring at that phone for the last hour like it's about to telling you the winning lottery numbers. I can see it's not 'nothing', Beca."

A heavy sigh escapes her, and she knows there's no getting out of this conversation. Though, part of her is glad that he's here and that he's pushing her, because, apart from the short time that she spent with Oliver tonight, she hasn't ever felt more alone than she has since Chloe ousted her. Not even after a blind hookup on her 21st birthday resulted in an accidental pregnancy, and she was thrust into adulthood and motherhood, while the father told her he couldn't have a kid jeopardizing his plans for his future.

She didn't care about him. Hell, she was shaky on his last name. But Chloe...well, she was Chloe Beale. And to Beca, that was everything.

"It's not nothing," she confirms weakly, her fingers fiddling with the handle of the mug of tea, which has long since cooled. "I met someone," she continues, glancing once again at her father. He doesn't have any visible reaction, instead only raising his eyebrows, encouraging her to continue.

She clears her throat and tries to figure out how best to explain her connection with the redhead. She takes a lesson from her favorite actress, and starts at the very beginning. "She's a flight attendant...and we got to know each other on my flights to Atlanta."

For the next hour, Beca tells her father all about Chloe. When she describes the way Chloe would distract her from turbulence with funny faces and silly accents, or how she would sometimes sneak Beca snacks from the first class flight attendants' station, she laughs. When she tells him about the night that they shared together (sans any of the details, of course), she blushes. And when she explains the mountainous misunderstanding they'd had, the fight that followed, and all the ways that she's already tried to make it right, she cries.

When the thin streams of tears turn into heavy sobs that wrack her body, and her breathing becomes labored, her dad wraps her tightly in his arms. He rubs soothing circles on her back with one hand, and runs the other down the length of her hair. Beca doesn't try to hold back the tears. She's gone this far already, and she figures that letting them fall is the best thing to do. So she lets them fall

until there are no more tears to be spilt, and her breathing grows steady.

The experience turns out to be pretty cathartic; she feels a little less like her head might explode. It had felt good to unload her emotions and tell her story out loud.

Ethan loosens his grip on her, and Beca leans back and moves back to her spot at the end of the couch, only slightly embarrassed by the tear stains she left on her father's shirt. He's looking at her with a sympathetic expression and she can see the glint of a few unshed tears in his own eyes.

"I'm so sorry, Becs. She sounds like a wonderful person, but I hope that she gets her head out of her ass and realizes what a catch you are," he says, waving off Beca's look of shock at his profanity.

"Seriously though, I mean it. If she can't recognize what she's missing out on, it's her loss. You are a wonderful young woman. You're driven, you're kind, you've managed to work your way to the top of a vicious industry and still keep your humility and your humanity. And you're a hell of a good mother to that kid in there. And...and your mother would say the same thing if she were here," he finishes, glancing at the family photo that hangs on the opposite wall, a few tears finally falling down his cheeks.

Beca manages the smallest of semblance of a smile, and responds with a shaky, "Thanks, Dad." She's so thankful to have him in her life. Their relationship was strained, to say the least, after her mother died the year she turned eighteen. They didn't speak much during the first three years of college, Beca having withdrawn into herself, and Ethan having found it hard to comfort her when he was so devastated by his wife's death himself. But her senior year, Beca learned that she was going to be a single mother, and any disconnect between father and daughter gave way to an unspoken agreement to get over their issues and make sure that her child would grow up loved, as part of a stable family.

He gets up from his place on the couch and grabs a blanket and a fresh pillow from the linen closet, bringing them back to Beca. She gladly accepts them, and smiles when he bends over to kiss her forehead.

"Love you, Becs. Don't be too hard on yourself tonight, you've done nothing wrong here. Tomorrow is a new day," he tells her.

"Night, dad," she replies, and he makes his way down the hall to his bedroom.

Beca can't seem to stop herself from checking her phone one more time before she lays down to let sleep take her, and once again, she's disappointed. She isn't sure whether read receipts are a blessing or a curse at this point. Looking through the small thread of text messages, she can see that the messages she sent after leaving Chloe's house have been delivered, but not opened. She assumes that if her texts went unread, there's a pretty solid chance that Chloe hasn't listened to her voicemail either.

Sleep does not come easily for Beca that night. Despite the pep talk from her dad, Beca's mind wars with itself until the wee hours of the morning. Eventually, the fatigue of a day spent travelling catches up with her, and she succumbs to exhaustion.

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She wakes to the swishing sound of paper, and small clammy hands patting her skin. Confused, she opens one eye and sees Olly standing in front of the couch, still in his pajamas.

"What..Olly?" she asks, her voice still scratchy and riddled with sleep.

"Morning, mommy. Are you okay?" he answers, his face scrunched up in concern, eyes flitting across her body.

"Yeah, wh-..." She doesn't finish her sentence, because when she follows his gaze, she discovers no less than two dozen Band-Aids riddled across her skin, featuring a variety of animated characters.

"What's with the Band Aids, kid?" she questions, half amused, and the rest of her still confused.

When she looks at him, he's pulling at the hem of his shirt and shifting side to side on his tiny, socked feet.

"Well...well, Pappy said that I shouldn't dis..disturb you because you are hurting. I wanted to help, but I couldn't find any boo-boos" he explains, his magnified eyes wide with compassion.

While she is awed by Oliver's display of selfless empathy, her heart breaks a little, in that moment; the innocence of a child is both precious and painful. She already laments the day her son will learn that not all pain can be healed by physical treatment. That nothing but time can begin to mend the pain of heartbreak.

But for now, she gives him a wide smile and thanks him, pulling him onto the couch so that his back is nestled against her front. When she reaches over him and squishes him slightly into the cushions to grab the remote from the coffee table, he giggles his tiny infectious laugh, and she tickles his side before turning on the TV. and choosing an episode of some 90's Nicktoons she's saved on her dad's DVR. Beca has always believed that she grew up in the golden age of animation, and thinks it's her duty to expose Oliver to the same brilliance. If she happens to think that the cartoons these days are lame, and gets a throwback to her own childhood at the same time...well, Oliver doesn't have to know that just yet.

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When they laugh together over an episode of Angry Beavers, she thinks that she has the only Band Aid she needs, right here in her arms.

* * *

><p>I said in the first part that this was going to be a 3 part story, in total. That may no longer be the case. But rest

assured, this is not the end. Basically, what I'm saying is that it's probably going to end up between 3 and 5 chapters.

I apologize for the lack of Chloe in the chapter. I promise she will be back next time.

ALSO! I finally made a Tumblr for my Bechloe obsession. So please come follow me at commanderbeclexa on Tumblr. We can talk Bechloe all day long. (And Clexa, if you're into that. Because I am, no matter what ass hat showrunners do. Still so salty.)

End
file.